

A View of the Religion of the Town,

O R, A

Sunday-Morning's-Ramble.

I.

ON *Saturday* Night we sat late at the *Rose*,
Carousing a Glass to our Wife's Repose,
After our usual-Mode;
Till we drank so long,
That Religion came on,
For we were full of the God.
At *Pro* and *Con*
We held till One,
And then we agreed in the Close,
To let Wording alone,
And Ramble the Town,
To see how Religion grows.

II.

We began at the Church of Saint *Peter*,
Whose Prebends make many Mouths water,
Religion did here
Like Grave Matron appear,
Neat, but not Gawdy, like Courtesan *Rome*,
Plain, but not Slut like you *Geneva* Dame.
She hath on an old Stuff,
With a Primitive Ruff,
And round the Seam of her Vest,
In Musick-Notes scrawl'd all or'e
Loyalty express'd the bore,
By which at her Church we guess'd.

III.

At the Tombs we did peep,
Where the Kings were asleep,
And the Quire melodiously Chanted,
Without any concern,
As we could discern
Of being *Be-Quo-warranted*.
And we fancy, at the last cast (Sir)
When among the rest
They come to the Test,
Saint *Peter* will deny his Master.

IV.

Then shifting our *Protestant*-Dress,
To the Royal Chappel we press,
Where Religion was fine indeed,
But with Facings and Fringings,
With Crossings and Cringings,
Entirely run up to Seed.

Good God, what Distraction there reign'd,
Where Union in Worship was feign'd!

For I spy'd a poor Maid
Just come to the Trade
(For I fancy she was but a Learner)
Who was but at most (Sir)
Half through *Pater-Noster*,
When the Priest was at *Amen-Corner*.

V.

Not an *Irish-man*'s Breeches has half the Petitions
We saw put up there for various Conditions,
Sent to the bless'd Maid
With Care and with Speed,
And she soon had a Fellow-feeling
For she was not far off,
But got up aloft,
Most curiously drawn on the Cieling
By the Royal Command;
Where *Verrio*'s great Hand
(Such to the Saints is his Love)
To the Virgin has given
As glorious a Heaven,
As that she enjoys and reigns in above.
Whether like the Rogue drew her,
They can tell best that knew her,
Tho' most Men are apt to conjecture;
When he drew the blest Maid
(Moral Fancy to aid)
His Mistress sat for the Picture:

VI.

Then, bidding Farewel to their Goddess and them,
We put in at the *Savoy*, or *New Amsterdam*,
Not to find our Religion, but to see some odd Sights
To which Father *Coker*'s Chappel invites:
As in ours sometimes we plac'd Saints and Martyrs,
So this Holy Room was surrounded with Traytors,
In Halsters there hung,
Just so as they swung,
Saint *Coleman*, and most of the Gang (Boy)
And wa'nt it for something
That's just next to nothing,
Perhaps there had hung our new Envy:

F. I. N. I. S.

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